

### THEY HAD THE LAUGH.

The Misses Ella White and Virginia Wilson, frolicsome damsels abiding at Cedar Hill, Va., attended church services last Sunday. The Rev. E. M. Mitchell of campmeeting fame launched his sermon. Hardly had he arrived at his "thirdly" before it dawned upon him that the hot weather and his new shoes were making it rather uncomfortable for his feet, and he took his shoes off.

Here is where Ella and Virg break into the limelight. At first they merely smiled. Then they giggled a few tee-hees, and finally broke out in a round of merry hahas that stopped the sermon then and there.

The preacher thought they were laughing at his big feet, for he confesses to be the owner of the biggest pair around that neighborhood, and he went down to the 'squire and had the girls arrested.

"We all warn't laughin' at his feet, 'squire," the girls chorused, "we war alaughin' because Kitty Smith—we all don't like her no-how—war a-sittin' next to the pulpit, and we war in the back when he took off his shoes."

The 'squire, allowed as how they had the laugh on Kitty all right.

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**Young Lady—**You say you were on a raft for six weeks and had nothing to eat but mutton. Where did you get the mutton from? Old Salt—Well, you see, miss, the sea was very choppy.



### A LONG CUT.

The barber, like the brook, "was running on forever," and the customer was wondering whether he'd be able to catch his train.

At last, after the tonsorial artist had aired his views on every conceivable topic under the sun, and also over it, and on both sides, he stepped back with a final swish of his scissors to survey his work.

"Hair's gettin' a bit grey at the temples, sir," he commented.

The customer rose.

"I expect it is," he replied in weary tones, "but when you started to cut it it was dark brown."